

IRELAND'S EVIL GENIUS.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21& 23 WARREN STREET.

NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(CMILEG	Dittele 9 result	0"	PACI							
One Copy, one year, or 52										\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or	26 numbers,							*	-	2.50
One Conv. for 13 weeks.		-	-	-						1.25
(England and all Cour	ntries in the	L	ser	ne	Po	sta	17	re	at	v.)
One Copy, one year, or 52	numbers,					*	*			\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or	26 numbers,				-	-				3.00
One Copy, three months,	or 13 number	rs,			-	*	•			1.50

Under the Artistic Charge of - - JOS. KEPPLER
Business-Manager - - A. SCHWARZMANN
Editor - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when subscription expires.

" Populus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur."

During the last quarter the average circulation of PUCK

1,190,377.

The sales of last week's PUCK were

3,128,212*

Yours for truth and modesty,

PUCK.

* No fraction. We have lost our fractional buyer. There wasn't the one-millionth part of this paper that would cheer the heart of the distinguished statesman

CONTENTS:

FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—Ireland's Evil Genius.
Cattoons and Comments.
The Wail of the Hebetudinous—poem—The Victim,

Cartoons and Comments.

The Wail of the Hebetudinous—poem—The Victim,

Prock.

His Year.

Latest Reports—illus.

Puckerings.

A Bad Case—poem—John H. Pope.

Mind-Reading Extraordinary.

James Henry's Desire—poem—S. B. McManus.

In the Gloaming.

"Tanning Hides."—illus.

The Dangerous Practice of Writing Letters—illus.

"Sun" Snake-Stories—R. K. M.

A Friendly Warning—illus.

A Michigan Wreck—poem—Wallace Bruce.

Great Sacrifice of Brica-Brac—illus.—Bill Nye.

In a Hammock.

Beer Visions—illus.

That Louf of Bread.

Answers for the Anxious.

Freddy's Slate and His Little Letter to the Editor—illus.

Centrer-Page Cartoon—The Receiving-Vault of the Republican Politicians Who Defice Public Morality.

Where Have They a Sheriff as Polite as Ours?—illus.

Current Comment.

A Dynamite Idea.

The Patent "Cook-Tamer."

Particularly Polite—illus.

Let Them Beware—illus.

Puck's Exchanges.

LAST-PAGE CARTOON—An Unexpected Chance for a Very Sick Party.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The curse is come upon us, and the great Party that has so long guided the nation may now indeed set its house in order and prepare for the end; and the end is close at hand.

For a quarter of a century, for the twentyfive most pregnant years of this turbulent century, it has held the reins of government over the greatest Republic of the world. It came to power in the darkest days of the nation's life. Fresh, young, strong and pure; filled with the noblest enthusiasm, led by the greatest and most self-devoted soul of our time, the Republican Party took up its great task, and, in despite of every obstacle, laboring faithfully and earnestly, with single-mindedness of purpose, it did its work, achieved its highest ambition, and was honored of the people.

For the people were grateful. When the mighty work was rounded by the sacrifice of the great leader's life; when the victory was hal-

lowed by a high and unselfish grief; when the bond of peace was strengthened by the sympathetic grasp of Northern and Southern hands across Lincoln's bier-in that hour could there be too much to give to the men to whom we owed all that we held dear? Into their hands we gave the Government, gladly and trustingly. To-day we ask their successors for an account of their stewardship, and in November we shall take back our gift, finding them unworthy.

For the Party that we trusted for its loyalty in adversity has turned ingrate and unfaithful in the season of prosperity. Not content with the confidence of the people, with honor and with power, it has waxed gross with selfishness and fat with corruption. It has smirched beyond all cleansing its bright record; it has sold its honor for a bribe; it has maladministered the power intrusted to it. It has been deaf to every remonstrance, to every entreaty that it would turn from its evil ways. From being the one great exponent of unselfish principle, it has sunk into a shameful and sordid materialism. It has taught itself to laugh at what is right and true; it has set up for itself only the basest standard of self-interest. It has had no higher morality than the thief's fear of the halter; for it has feared nothing; nothing has kept it from doing its own will but the dread of the people's anger. And this, at last, in its sensual prosperity, it has become fatuous enough to defy.

For years we have seen this evil growing, and for years we have tolerated it. We have borne with the Party for the sake of the past, and because we have clung to some hope that there was yet good in it-that some day it would awake from its folly and be again what we knew it once. We saw that there were still men of the old spirit in the Party, and we saw that they were awake to the danger of their fellows. "We will plead with them," these wiser men said: "we will arouse them; we will bring them back to wisdom. Do not condemn us yet. We, who are within the Party, will cleanse and reform it." And they meant well; and they did what was in them to do; but it was not to be. The disease, the itch of gold, was among those others; it had caught their flesh, it had eaten into and tainted their souls. There was no curing them; the ailment grew worse and worse. Now is the crisis.

What is this that the leaders of the Republican Party have done? Assembled in convention at Chicago, to choose their candidate for the Presidency of the United States, they have, amid the howling of hirelings and the clamor of hot-headed fools, made choice of the one man whose very name stands for all that is wholly bad in their organization. They have chosen a man whose nomination is an insult to the country, whose election would be an ineradicable disgrace. In these first days, before the flush of their over-heated foolishness has cooled away, they do not realize what they have done in one mad moment. Later they will see

it, and be afraid, and, it may be, some few will have the grace to be ashamed. Then, having got out of the fever and glare of the convention hall, they will look at the man of their choice in the chill light of truth. And what will they

A man who has Dishonor for an ally, on whom Corruption fawns for favor. A man whose name for years has been bandied about in bold and confident accusations of dishonesty. A man whose trickiness, whose unworthy cleverness, whose shifty craft have been the theme of common jest. A man who will now have to meet clear and specific charges of dishonestyto meet them? Nay, he will shrink away from them, he will evade them, he will slip out of them and around them and under them, and affect not to see them; and if he be made to see them, make out somehow to put them aside with bluster and bullying-do anything, try anything-anything but meet them fairly and bravely. A man against whom every honest voter in the Party will rise up; a man whose friends are the notorious foes of decent government.

Such is the candidate that the leaders of the Republican Party will find they have chosen when their muddled brains are clear enough again to find out anything. Let us say for them still, as a body, that this was not their unanimous choice. There were some few among them who fought, earnestly and bravely, against the crime which the majority have committed. To them, all honor, all respect; all cheering friendliness in their honorable and proud defeat. Never more noble than now was that reverend white head on which lies the light of purity at which the trading, bartering, bribing rabble jeer, in their sordid small wisdom. Honor be to that high and clear-minded, courageous gentleman! Honor to the young men who fought under his banner; taking most of the generalship into their stronger hands! They have done their duty well; their failure has not stripped them of the people's trust; and some day they may lead to other victories those whose hearts have but now followed them to defeat. For is not this brave struggle of theirs the sign of the coming of the Independent New Party?

And now, what remains for us to do, who feel the indignity that has been put upon us? There is only one course to take, and the conscience of the plainest man may tell him what that is. To swear in our own souls that, whatever may be the cost to our pride, whatever may be the noise and the ridicule of those who can take their disgrace lightly, we will fight by vote, by argument, by speech and by writing, by all fair and honest means, against the consummation of the wrong that is proposed by those who would put James Blaine into the chair of Abraham Lincoln. And if the great Party must die, let it die under the daggers of its own sons, who kill it to save it from the worst dishonor.

THE WAIL OF THE HEBETUDINOUS.

We have made the interesting discovery that the most hebetudinous crank anywhere within the bounds of latitude and longitude lives in the town of Cleveland, and edits a newspaper called the Leader .- N. Y. Sun.

Oh, put me away in a grave-yard cool, Amid verdure damp and dank; For I am the man whom Dana called A Hebetudinous Crank.

Oh, bury me deep with a stone on top-I am feeling extremely bad, And lay me to rest where Holman sleeps, 'Neath the weight of a liver-pad.

Oh, fain would I lie on some desolate heath Where the jack-rabbit gaily bounds, By the side of the good man weighing about 250 pounds.

Would you know why I wail in my deep despair, Like captives their chains who clank? 'Tis because I 'm the man whom Dana called A Hebetudinous Crank.

I have tied my head in a moistened cloth, And cleaned out my brain with a swab, And thought and thought what it signified-That etymological gob.

I have thought, and thought in vain What the phrase might signify; But I never have guessed, and I sometimes dream That he knows no more than I.

I have been a very bad man, I know, I have murdered my fair young bride, And hammered the head of my cooing babe, And spread him out flat at her side.

I 've committed arson and burglary, I have busted full many a bank; But what in the world have I done to be called A Hebetudinous Crank?

There are times, of course, when my grief is sore, And myself I should like to hump, And sling it back in his false, false teeth: He 's a pachydermatous chump.

I should like to call him an isotherm, And a fulmeniferous plug; And bring the blush of binomial shame To his antiphlogistic mug.

But I know that I never, no, never on earth Can rival that awful word-The meanest and newest and cussedest cuss That a mortal has ever heard.

So take me away and plant me deep, Where the pattering pine-cones drop, And the ages that roll will cover my bed With strata of coal on top.

And savants to come, as they dig me out, From fossilized foliage rank, Will explain to the world what it is to be A Hebetudinous Crank.

The Victim, per Puck.

HIS YEAR.

"Yes, my son," said the aged Ethiop, as he laid his ebon hand gently and fondly upon the curling hair of the beautiful boy in the butter nut breeches: "yes, my son, you are quite right. There is no sin in stealing water-melons this year. In fact, authorities are divided on the question as to whether an appropriated water-melon may really be considered as stolen, if the appropriation be made during the present Summer. It is generally admitted that the cat

ate the water-melon. Cats do not, as a rule, eat water-melons; but they do this year.

"The same sweetly beautiful rule applies to the chicken-roost, when the roost is not too high. Let it not weigh on your conscience, my son, if filial love proves more powerful, in your young bosom, than your respect for the law of the land, and you feel irresistibly impelled to lay the homage of a broiling-chicken at your father's feet. Do not, under such cir-cumstances, go on your youthful way with a great burden of sorrow on your heart and several more chickens in your overalls; but rather make a clean breast to me of everything, including the chickens; and I will take you by the hand and explain to you how, on philosophical grounds, it is morally impossible that you can have tainted your young soul with sin. "But, mind you, Epictetus Charles, do not mistake the conditions of this abnormal absolutions of the conditions of the condition

lution. I speak of this year, and of this year only. The absolution shuts off sharp after the second Tuesday in November. Campaign year is then considered at an end, and the negro returns to his usual sphere, and will thereafter gyrate on the extremity of a rope, or gambol gaily from the orifice of the shot-gun, just as usual.

"But until then, Epictetus Charles, the melonpatches of the white man and his hen-roosts are free to his dusky brother, and the negro is a political factor and a child of the same great power that made us all. Yet do not obliterate it from your memory, Epictetus Charles, that after the second Choosday in November we cease to fact."

As THESE sweet halcyon days smile on us, the large down-town public building misses its janitor, and marvels very muchly thereat. They send out scouts, who return and report that he is not playing base-ball in the park, or fishing off the dock; and when he puts in an appearance a little later, and is asked to account for his absence, he astonishes his superior with the frank statement that he has not been off the premises, but has merely been up on the roof watering his vegetable-garden.

LATEST REPORTS.



ANOTHER BANK BUSTED!

Puckerings.



[June 18th, Saratoga.] OH, IT 's ho! O'Brine an' Barney! An' Harry, Tom an' Dick!

It 's ho! McGrath an' Kearney,
Ho! Patsey, Terry, Mick!

Put on yer bran'-new cadies, An' brace yer Spring pants up— An' kiss yer weepin' ladies, An' dhrink a stirrup-cup.

Nixt week the great Convintion
Will riprisint the Shtate;
It is my firm intintion
To be a delegate,
Chicago's had her innin's,
The R'pooblicans is troo;
We 're goin' for the winnin's,
To see what we can do.

Our delegates shall lave us Insthructed to condemn Our Sassenach enslavers And all the likes of them;
Hurroo for Gineral Jackson!—
Whoever he may be—
We'll tache the haughty Saxon Who rules Amerikey.

WHAT IS home without a servant-girl?

THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR somehow never mentions the potency of clear spring-water in cases of bites from snakes and mad dogs.

In a week or so more the country boy who travels around without shoes will be as happy as a king, for then will his soles be so tough that he can run over ash-heaps and broken bottles without losing his serenity of countenance.

THE OTHER day a certain bank-president sailed for Europe; but it was not mentioned in the papers, because he had not suddenly come, or rather gone into possession of the bank's money. It seems strange that a bank-president never receives a newspaper-notice unless he steals.

IF THE small boy would work as diligently at his studies as he does to effect an entrance into the circus under the tent, we would be so learned as a people that we would find it difficult to get men to drive horse-cars and carry hods. Therefore, it is better that the majority remain in barbarous ignorance, that the learned few may annex the bakery.

"WOULD YOU like to buy some fly-paper today?" inquired a druggist of an old man who had been making some purchases.
"Some what?"

"Some fly-paper."
"What for?"

"Why, to attract the flies,"
"Attract the flies, eh?" said the old man:
"attract the flies? That's just what I don't want to do. I can attract all the flies I want, and more, too, with this bald head of mine."

And when he raised his hat and displayed a head that might have been illustrated and used in a school for a globe, the drugman became silent very suddenly, and went to cleaning up the soda-water fountain.

A BAD CASE.

You all did see that at the Capital We twice did boost him to the ruler's seat, And yet he said: "Once more."

Oh, what a fall, my countrymen, was there! Was ever such an unexpected drop? Twice lifted to the Presidential chair, Then figure-head above a bucket-shop!

JOHN H. POPE.

MIND-READING EXTRAORDINARY.

Most people have heard of mind-reading, or have witnessed experiments in the science. It is a pretty mean advantage to take of human nature. Formerly a man could, if he chose, keep his thoughts to himself, if he was obliged to publish everything else to the world. He simply had to keep his mouth shut and to exercise some control over his countenance. It was not then easy to tell about what he was thinking. Nor was it absolutely necessary to keep quiet. One might say most complimentary things to a fellow, and make him believe that your opinion of him was of the very highest character, and yet you could be thinking all the time what a very contemptible creature he was.

The mind-reader has knocked all this luxury of secretiveness on the head. He can read your innermost thoughts. It is of no use tell-ing him that you hate whiskey, and that you never touch a drop of it. He knows better without looking at your nose. He knows you are lying, because he can read your mind. No sophistical explanation will help you out of it. Tallyrand's remark that "language was given to conceal thoughts" becomes old-fashioned, stupid and useless when a regular mind-reader

The usual practice is for the operator to ask the subject to hide some object or to think of something. The mind-reader is carefully blind-folded. He then grasps the wrist of the man whose mind is to be read, and drags him about until he has found the object hidden or discovered the subject thought of.

A number of very prominent men, who doubted the genuineness of the experiments, lately resolved to abandon themselves to a mind-reader, to see if there was any foundation for what the science claims.

Mr. James G. Blaine was among the first to step forward. The mind-reader, having been duly blindfolded at the statesman's residence, Augusta, Maine, took hold of the statesman's

"It's of no use," said Mr. Blaine, as the tattoo arabesqueness thereon glistened in the sun: "it's of no use. It is utterly impossible that you can read my mind or tell of what I am thinking. I scarcely know myself." "We will see," answered the mind-reader,

with confidence.

He dragged his subject straight away to the dépôt, and in a few days had him in Arkansas. After going pretty well all over the State, the experimenter paused at Little Rock, near a railroad track.

"You're away off," gasped the Hon. J. G. Blaine, of Maine.

Suddenly the mind-reader darted off in an easterly direction over hills and dales, mountains, swamps and rivers. Neither stopped until they reached a softly-flowing stream, that meanthey reached a softly-nowing stream, that mean-dered through beds of odoriferous poppies to-ward a foggy region with "O'Blivion" in-scribed on the door-plate. Bending down, the blindfolded mind-reader dipped his finger in the water and put it to his lips. There was a distinctly saline taste.

"This is your destination, Mr. Blaine," he

"I don't think so," murmured the reluctant

"Well," returned his guide: "it's time you did, then."

Mr. Chas. A. Dana was the next person experimented upon. He gave very little trouble. In less than an hour he found himself being led to Greystone, at Yonkers.

Neither was there much difficulty with Mr. John Kelly. The Mayor's room in the City Hall was his objective point while in the hands of the mind-reader.

Mr. John C. Eno actually guided the scientist to the safe of the deposit company where the securities of the Second National Bank are

JAMES HENRY'S DESIRE.

He ambled along down the stone-flecked lane, And out from his midst there frequently cam A full-strength cuss-word, deep and low, As he knocked a nail from a wanton toe; And he wished he was dead'n Socrates,
And the robins rang out a chime from the trees.

And he wished—as he stepped on a business brier, Which made him reflect, "by gosh, Mariar,"
That he was a hundred miles away
From the farm and the meadow and making hay,
And "Brindle" and "Bright" and the kicking cows, And the blackbirds sang in the alder boughs.

Now a Poet, who sat on a moss-hid stump, With his face in a smile and his back in a hump. Had heard the boy as he muttered away;
And he called him hither and bid him say
What life he 'd choose if he had his pick?
And the brown thrushes piped from a new-built rick.

And the lad looked up with his eyes in mist,
And, cutting a snack of "Virginia Twist,"
He paused for a moment, then, child-like, said,
As he dropped on his bosom his old-gold head:
"Please, Mister Sir, if it 's all the same—"
And the thrill of a thrush from a hedgerow came.

"Please, Mister Sir," the boy began, And tears coursed down through the fuzz and tan:
"'S if 's all the same, an' I had my pick,
I could tell ye so suddink 'twould make ye sick—
I'd be a cashier in a savings-bank,"
And the Poet fell over, limp and lank.

And this simple child, with his tender thought, And he rides in a chariot gilt and gay,
And he rides in a chariot gilt and gay,
And the Poet is up on the box, they say.
And the world hies hence with its jam and jerk,
And the birds, as of old, get in their work.

S. B. McManus.

IN THE GLOAMING.

She was reclining in a steamer-chair out on the front stoop, looking wistfully in the gloam-

ing.
"Are you admiring that natural etching of the poplars softly limned against the lilac sky?"

"Are you watching to see the first star or the first fire-fly?"

"No," she responded.

"Are you watching to see the lazy kine come wading homeward through yonder plashing brook?"

"I am not."

"Are you wrapt in pleasant dreams, listening to the robin's vesper-song, or awaiting the mellow rhythm of the curfew-bell?"
"I am not."

"Then you are looking for some one?"
"I am," she said, as she opened and closed

"I see," replied the other: "I suppose you are greatly interested in him?"

"Yes, I am, if you must know."

"Is he handsome?"

"No, he is not. He is red-headed, bow-legged, freckled, and has but one eye."

Then he must be wealthy?"

"No," she replied: "he is poor."

"Then why do you want such a creature?" "Because I am hungry."

"Ah, I see—hungry. Is he going to bring you caramels?"

" No."

"Ice-cream?"

"No; but if you must know, I am looking for our fishman. He promised to have the clams here by this time, and if he doesn't hurry it will be too late to have clam-soup for dinner. I dote on clams; and while I close my eyes in revery will you kindly watch and let me know if you see a canvas-backed clam-wagon etched against the purple ringlets of the gloaming?"

And she left him watching.

It is now believed by many people that the sacred elephant was brought over by the manufacturers of Anti-fat as an advertisement of that popular devourer of adipose tissue. If this is the case, would it not have been cheaper to have engaged David Davis for the "ad"?

"TANNING HIDES."



WE SHOULD ADVISE GENERAL GRANT TO RETIRE TO THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY, THERE TO RESUME HIS FORMER OCCUPATION.

THE DANGEROUS PRACTICE OF WRITING LETTERS.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE COME TO GRIEF THEREBY.



The Simple and Confiding Youth Who Writes Love-Letters,



The Blackmail Letter-Writer, and the Usual Result of His Efforts.



The Good-Hearted Old Soul Who Writes Letters of Recommendation for Every Rascal Who Asks Him.



He Doesn't Know, and How He Generally Succeeds.



Which Somehow Get Into the Papers.



The Masher Who Writes Letters to Young Ladies Whom The Lamb-like Writer of Dangerous Business-Letters, The Mulligan Letter-Writer-but the Subject is too Sad; Why Pursue it Further?

"SUN" SNAKE-STORIES.

From time to time our E. C. the Sun prints a collection of snake-stories gathered from various sources. That these stories have been very successful there can be little doubt, because they are frequently repeated. We have therefore decided to have a snake department in Puck, as we believe this style of thing to be very popular with the masses.

While Letitia Grimsby was lying asleep in a hammock on the front porch among the honeysuckles, one day last week, a snake came out of an adjoining field, crawled up into the ham-mock, and braided her hair. When the young lady awoke, she was greatly astonished to find her hair braided, but supposed it the act of her sister, as the snake had disappeared.

On the following day the same thing occurred again, and her sister having seen it, aroused the young lady after the snake had gone, and told her what had happened. At the present time the girls in the Grimsby family never braid their hair at all. When they want it braided they simply lie in the hammock and pretend they are asleep, and the snake does the business for them.

Deacon Fitch, of Rondout, recently saw a snake crawl into one of his boots, which were standing just outside the door. The Deacon paid little attention to it, thinking it might be

only a slight attack of delirium tremens. So he thrust his foot into the boot, and commenced the operation of kicking it on. When his foot came in contact with the snake, the latter rebuked the seeming rudeness and discourtesy by hissing, and afterward darted through a hole in the toe of the boot. The Deacon still thought there was no real snake within a mile of him, and went on kicking his boot against a tree with might and main. The snake's heart relented might and main. The snake's heart relented when it noticed the awful efforts of the Deacon, and, gliding softly around his neck, it let its head and tail down and took hold of one bootstrap with its teeth and the other with its oppo-site terminus. Then, with a quick movement, the snake drew itself up, and in doing so pulled on the Deacon's boot.

Walter J. Blum was riding on his bicycle along the turnpike out at Verona, New Jersey, one day last week, when the rubber tire sud-denly flew off the front wheel. Before the rider could stop the machine, a large black snake that was lying in the road suddenly placed its body in the groove of the wheel, which it just fitted, and remained there until the bicycler reached the end of his journey.

Matilda, Rebecca and Josephine, the little three-year-old daughters of 'Squire Chalmers, of Selma, Ala., play "cat's-cradle" with a gartersnake. Every day, when they are on the front him a stone. Set the dog on him.

stoop, the snake comes out from under an evergreen, crawls up on the stoop, and holds its tail in its teeth, that they may play without tying the ends of it together.

Miss Nellie Tomes, of Montpelier, Vt., was very much astonished, the other day, when a bird flew down on her hand and remained there perfectly helpless. It had been charmed by her snake-ring.

While Priscilla Martin, of Scrogg's Neck, was dusting the book-case last Summer, a snake brought in a mouthful of daisies and set them in a glass of water that was standing on the window-sill. It afterward made friends with the family, and did various curious things about the place. It returns every Summer, and is always welcome. It goes down the well and fastens the bucket on whenever off the rope, and it hangs from a beam by its tail and holds the leather bag that the young man of the house pounds back and forward with his knuckles. Last week, when they were making a lot of icecream for a Sunday-school picnic, the snake beat the eggs with its tail, and did it better and about fifty times faster than it could have been done in the usual way. R. K. M.

WHEN THE tramp asks for bread do not give

A FRIENDLY WARNING.



PUCK.—"You Mustn't Feel Too Big Over It, General; You Know the Clown of the Show Always Gets the Most Applause,"

A MICHIGAN WRECK.

Stir up the fire and make it bright, You want, my lads, a story true; I took a cruise one Summer night On Michigan's waters blue.

The wind was fair upon the lake, The moon lit up the cheery deck, When up the Captain sprang and spake: "Bring to the ship! A wreck! a wreck!"

"Let down the life-boats, hearties, all! Work with a will!" the Captain said: "Ho! Ship ahoy!" rang out his call: The wreck was silent as the dead.

All eyes were strained across the wave, The mastless hulk was drawing near, No voice from out that floating grave, The Captain's cheek was pale with fear. It rose between us and the sky, Its gunwale blotted out the stars, Across our bow it floated by, It barely grazed the boom and spars.

Keep her in sight!" the Captain said: "And follow close upon her wake!"
With topsail, jih, and mainsail spread,
We bounded o'er the billowy lake.

Ah, then we prayed for morning light, Each heart was filled with fear and dread, As, through the silence and the night, That shapeless craft before us sped,

The dawn lit up the eastern sky, And blacker yet the dark hulk seemed, Its strange form riveted each eye, From stern to stern the sunlight gleamed.

And then, ay, then, the mystery past, The wreck was a Chicago shoe: The crew and Captain looked aghast he crew and Captain 100kea ag...... A girl's size—medium—twenty-two. WALLACE BRUCE.

GREAT SACRIFICE OF BRIC-A-BRAC.

ARTIES desiring to buy a job-lot of garden-tools will do well to call and examine my stock. These implements have been but slightly used, and are comparatively as good as new. The lot consists in part of the following:

One three-cornered hoe, Gothic in

its architecture and in good running order. It is the same one I erroneously hold up the carnations with, and may be found, I think, behind the barn, where I threw it when I discovered my error. Original cost of hoe, six bits. Will be closed out now at two bits to make room for new goods.

Also one garden-rake, almost as good as new. One front tooth needs filling, and then it will be as good as ever. I sell this weapon not so much to get rid of it, but because I do not want it any more. I shall not garden any next Spring. I do not need to. I began it to benefit my health, and my health is now so healthy that I shall not require the open air everyise incident to gardening any more. In fact I quire the open-air exercise incident to gardening any more. In fact, I am too robust, if anything. I will therefore, acting under the advice of my royal physician, close this rake out, since the failure of the Northwestern Car Company, at 50 cents on the dollar.

Also one lawn-mower, only used once. At that time I cut down

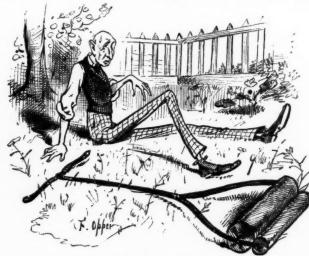
what grass I had on my lawn and three varieties of high-priced rosebushes. It is one of the most hardy open-air lawn-mowers now made. It will outlive any other lawn-mower, and be firm and unmoved when all the shrubbery has gone to decay. You can also mow your peonybed with it, if you desire. I tried it. This is also an easy-running lawn-mower. I would recommend it to any man who would like to soak his lawn with perspiration. I mowed my lawn, and then pushed a street-car around in the afternoon to relax my over-strained muscles. I will sacrifice this lawn-mower at three-quarters of its original cost, owing to depression in the stock of the New Jerusalem Gold Mine, of which I am a large owner and cashier-at-large.

Will also sell a bright new spade, only used two hours spading for angle-worms. This is a good, early-blooming and very hardy angle-worm spade, built in the Doric style of architecture. Persons desiring a spade flush, and lacking one spade to "fill," will do well to give me a call. No trouble to show goods.

I will also part with a small chest of carpenters' tools only slightly used. I had intended to do a good deal of amateur carpenter-work this Summer; but, as the Presidential Convention occurs in June, and I shall have to attend to that, and as I have already sawed up a Queen Anne chair and thoughtlessly sawed into my leg, I shall probably sacrifice the tools. These tools are all well made, and I do not sell them to make money on them, but because I have no use for them. I feel as though these tools would be safer in the hands of a carpenter. I'm no

carpenter. My wife admitted that when I sawed a board across the piano-stool and sawed the what-do-you-call-it all out of the cushion.

Any one desiring to monkey with the carpenter's trade will do well to consult my catalogue and price-list. I will throw in a white-holly corner-bracket put together with fence-nails, and a rustic settee that looks like the Cincinnati riot. Young men who do not know much,



-I mowed my lawn .-

and invalids whose minds have become affected, are cordially invited to call and examine goods. For a cash trade I will also throw in arnica, court-plaster and salve enough to run the tools two weeks, if ordinary care be taken.

If properly approached, I might also be wheedled into sacrificing an easy-running domestic wheelbarrow. I have domesticated it myself and taught it a great many tricks.

IN A HAMMOCK.

"Yes," she said dreamily, as she thrust her snowy finger between the pages of the latest popular novel: "life is full of tender regrets."

"My tenderest regret is that I haven't the funds to summer us at Newport," he replied, without taking his eyes off the butcher, who was softly oozing through the front gate with his bill in his hand.

"Ah, Newport!" she lisped, with a languid society sigh: "I often

think of Newport by the sea, and water my dreams with the tender dews of memory."

She leaned back in the hammock, and he continued:

"I wish I could water the radishes and mignonette with the tender dews of memory."

"Why?" she asked, clasping her hands together.

"Why, because it almost breaks my back handling that wateringpot, and half the water goes on my feet, and it takes about half an hour to pump that pail full of water, and it requires something like a dozen pailfuls to do the business. What effect do you think the tender dews of memory would have upon a good drum-head cabbage?"

But she had turned her head, and was looking across the daisy-

dappled fields, and she placed her fingers in her ears while the prosaic butcher, who had just arrived, was talking about the price of pork.

BEER VISIONS.



RING forth the gay zwei bier That drown all carking care, And lay them on the table Before us, prithee, there.

And we will drink them up, And, as the draught goes down, On life and all its trials We'll gaily smile, not

We 'll think about the past, And smile at blasted hopes, And think about the Summer Upon the mountain slopes.

We'll think about the sea,
And flirting on the beach,
And o'er the white topgallants
We'll hear the sea-gull screech.

We 'll think of lemonade, Drawn up through golden straws, And, drifting o'er the billows, Of possible mother-in-laws.

Bring forth the gay zwei bier, Before us place it there, And likewise bring the pretzel, To drown all woe and care.

And when the festive glass Upon the table rings, We'll quite forget all trouble And fancy we are kings.

THAT LOAF OF BREAD.

It has long been a favorite comparison with newspapers to speak of the punishment inflicted on the poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread to keep his family from starving as against that which is meted out to the bank-cashier or the man who embezzles millions. But, like a great many old things of the kind, it has done its duty and must be called in. It is of no use in these days, and new comparisons must be invented to suit the times.

As a matter of fact, the poor wretch who is imprisoned for stealing a loaf of bread does not exist. If we were Russell Sage, we would be willing to make a small bet, in the nature of a privilege, that among all the prisoners in the country who are at present luxuriating in the jails and penitentiaries there is a very small percentage—if any at all—undergoing sentence for the theft of a loaf of bread.

Why should he steal a loaf of bread when there are so many things around of much more value? A man must be little short of an idiot to do it. A loaf of bread will make but a single meal for a small family, and when it has been consumed he must immediately set about stealing another. It is a most unprofitable kind of business, because the thief can never be sure of obtaining temporary free board and lodging, on which he may almost count to a certainty if he commits any other kind of robbery. Besides, bakers rarely prosecute, because they do not set a high value on their wares.

No baker ever locks up loaves in a fire-proof safe, and intrusts only his clerk or foreman with the combination. No baker is ever seen driving with his surplus stock to a safe deposit company, and there leaving it, in order that burglars may not get hold of it. No baker, so far as we know, employs a private watchman, or keeps a seven-shooter in the till, or invests in burglar-alarms, or keeps the gas alight during night, so that the policeman, after he has had his drink at the corner-groggery, can look in and satisfy himself that freebooters are not sacking the establishment. Bakers do not care a Continental whether their bread is stolen or not; consequently none except a feeble or harmless crank cares to do so, and he does not suffer for his crankiness.

Now, it is different with silverware, jewelry, silks and laces. These goods are valuable; and the loser, if the

thief manages to walk by accident into the arms of a detective, will prosecute the offender with the utmost rigor of the law. Our advice, therefore, to poor wretches is not to steal loaves of bread—it does not pay. Let them turn their attention to watches, chains, diamonds and articles of a like nature that are really worth money. If the poor wretches get away with the "swag," it is so much money in their pockets, and will enable them to buy any number of loaves of bread; if foiled in their endeavors, they can be sure of having no board-bills to pay for some time.

So the newspaper men must abandon the poor wretch with his loaf of bread, for he is almost a myth. They must say: Why shouldn't a bank-president who steals all the bank's securities be treated in the same way as the poor wretch who steals fifty pieces of gros-grain silk or a tray of valuable diamonds to save his family from starvation?

WARD'S ISLAND for the next few years should be Blackwell's. Do you understand, Ferdinand?

When the grass is sere and withered,
Jimmy Blaine, Jimmy Blaine,
When the grass is sere and withered,
Jimmy Blaine,
And the leaves are red and gold,
And November round has rolled,
Then the day for you'll be cold,
Jimmy Blaine.

Answers for the Anrions.

S. J. T.—We can not accept your poem on "The Joy of Youth." It is too giddy.

J. F. F.—Do we think you will ever be a poet? We don't know. Judging from the contribution you send us, you haven't tried it yet.

A DRUMMER.—Much obliged; but if you think we can subdue the natural cussedness of railroad news-agents—or Republican Conventions, either—you are mistaken. We can do a good many things; but our power stops right there.

Myra.—Well, dear girl, it's good; there's no doubt about that. But that kind of sticky-taffy humor about babies is pretty well played out. Put a serious moral head on it, Myra, tack a sacred application to it, and sell it to our E. C. the *Independent*.

J. CAIN.—Now, young fellow, we'll settle this thing with you right now, and make a test case of you. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we have a large, able-bodied, healthy memory, and that memory is in fine active campaign trim. You may infer from this that it will be wholly useless for you to drag the old jokes of four years ago out of their honored retirement, furbish them up, oil and varnish them, and play them off on us for prime marketable goods of this year's crop. You and other gentlemen at present laboring under a similar delusion will please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly, to avoid deaths in the family.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkjoonteneth

dear puck

i men to cend you A car Toon A bout the the convencian but i Diddent no whoo was gone To be nommanated an i hadent the gorl two make Bleeve i did an take the chanses on Geten lcfft

be cides i think thare was two mutch convencian eny how i cann find things enuf to fite A bout with owt fiten A bout pollatics jim jonson hatter lik fore boys last weke Be corse thay corled him A blane man

sow i cend you a car Toon A bout ouer cecret sasiety ouer cecret sasiety is the A A U O O N O T B wich menes the aneshent an Unighted order Of nites of The baril

i was maid a cir nite last weak i wos inniciated in jim jonsons fathers garratt the pickchur shose me been maid to sware the wholly oth of The order never two revele the cecrets Under penniltey of haven my eres cutt orf an my tungue cutt Out an my nose busted

jim jonson is given me the oth i dident reley look Sow scared i wos onley maken bleeve

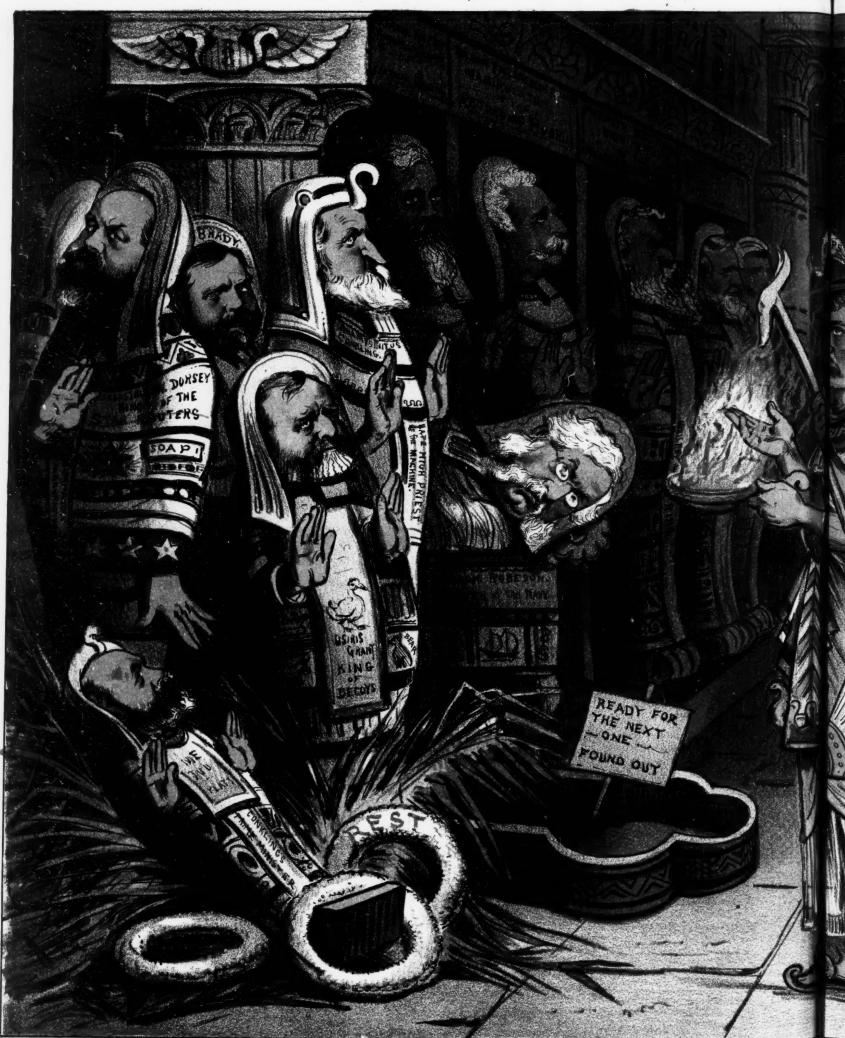
butt you jes beter bleeve jim jonson lookt orfle In his aperon An fixens he is p g m passed gran mastor an he can Lick the hole crowed evrey tiem

ouer cecret sasiety is a pollitical sasiety we Ar organized four Two stele ashbarils for bon fiers in novembar onley the bos Boys be long we hav thertyfore ashbarils all redey i wil not tel you The paswurd for this weak Be corse i hav swawn never Two revele the cecrets Of the sasiety butt the paswurd four las weak was muligan don tel this Two mr blane

youers cecredly

freddy

ps cen bac my slaight an dont try To cum eney muligan bisness on Me



THE RECEIVING-VAULT OF THE REPUBLICAL LITICIA.
THE WIRE-PULLERS HAVE NOMINATED HIM; BUT THE PER WILL



IBLICALITICIANS WHO DEFIED PUBLIC MORALITY.

HE PEO WILL SEND HIM WHERE THEY HAVE SENT THE OTHERS.

WHERE HAVE THEY A SHERIFF AS POLITE AS OURS?



HEREAFTER ALL PRISONERS WITH WHOM JAIL FARE DISAGREES MAY GO TO DINE AT DELMONICO'S, PER "BLACK MARIA"—IT WON'T COST THEM MUCH MORE.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is stated that Blaine looked as fresh as a daisy when told of his nomination. But Salt River will take that freshness out of him.

"EVERY pog has his day" is a time-honored axiom. But in these days it might be more appropriate to say: "Every servant-girl has her evening."

You might as well lay in your fishing-tackle now, Mr. Blaine, with a view to going off on piscatorial excursions after the manner of modern Presidents. Because you can catch fishballs and salt mackerel up Salt River, you know.

YES, A BOY may be a messenger-boy and still possess lots of that sterling article called sand. But it is not quicksand.

"This garden is looking first-rate," remarked Mr. Blaine the other day, as he was reviewing his lettuce and radishes: "but I think the things would thrive better if they had only the advantage of a little Peruvian guano."

So you want to know how a blind man can see the point of a joke, eh? Just come up a little nearer and we will see what we can do for you. All right, we will tell you when you come to. Julius, just pour a pail of ice-water on the reclining humorist.

IT DOESN'T make much difference whom the Democrats nominate now. The Republicans have proved that they can outmistake any party in existence. Even if the Democrats put up their worst choice, it is not likely that they will succeed in matching the Republican candidate.

THE DEATH-RATE means simply the rate of speed, or rather slowness at which the messenger-boy travels when he is doing his utmost to be swift. For instance, if a messenger-boy is sent to inform you of the death of your grand-mother, do you ever get the message in time to go to the funeral? You do not. By the time that message arrives your grandmother has long been asleep beneath the flowers, and has just about mastered, or rather mistressed five or six oratorios on the golden harp. No, thanks, put it back; we don't smoke.

As BIRDS of a feather flock together, Mr. Blaine, we don't see why you shouldn't have the following Cabinet, if elected:

Secretary of State, Red Leary.
Postmaster-General, Stephen Dorsey.
Secretary of War, Billy the Kid.
Secretary of the Navy, Ferdinand Ward.
Secretary of the Interior, Bill Kemble.
Secretary of the Treasury, John C. Eno.

'Twas direct woe and disaster
That filled the soul of the pup
Who dreamily wandered under
The flying picnic-scup.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine, lives in a very humble mouse-colored cottage in Augusta. At least he did in 1872. It was a cottage that might be rented for \$300 a year. He probably lived in that style to show the yokels that he was an economical, plain man, who hadn't much money. But if the Kennebec yokels could see his mansion in Washington, it is a question if they would look at each other and say, as when looking at the Augusta hut: "Golly! he can't be crooked, or he wouldn't live in such a humble way!"

A DYNAMITE IDEA.

There doesn't seem to be any good sound reason why Ireland should blindly believe in the dynamite theory. Every dynamite plot yet formed has either failed or been signally defeated by the British authorities. Yet, in the face of constant defeat, Ireland continues to keep up the same tactics. She seems to think, as she has always thought, that the only way to make terms with England is to do it at the point of the bayonet, or, more properly speaking, at the point of the shillaleh.

ing, at the point of the shillaleh.

With all its feebleness, one would naturally suppose that Ireland would seek peace and leave war alone. If she would do this, she would be far better off, as all the peaceable English provinces are

inces are.

No one ever hears of the natives of Zululand or Zanzibar getting up secret societies for the purpose of destroying England with dynamite. If they go to war, they fight it out, and that ends the matter. If Ireland had adopted this style, it would have been a happy and prosperous country after the first drubbing it received at the hands of the English Government. Ireland owes her present condition entirely to herself, and just as long as she persists in acting as she is at present, and always has acted, just so long will she be the poor, impoverished, down-trodden country that she claims to be now.

Conger, of Michigan, says that he will have a law to "regulate" Puck's cartoons—when Blaine is elected President. All right, Conger, we're satisfied. But if you wait for that event, the breakfast-bell will have rung on the morning after Judgement Day when you call your little bill up.

THE PATENT 'COOK-TAMER.'

"Are they dead?"

The Goat Editor woke up with a start, swallowed a clove the wrong way, and coughed three globes off the crystal chandelier which hung from the elegantly frescoed ceiling of the sanctum.

"Are they dead?"

The Goat Editor having recovered the clove in good order, put it in his pocket and listened attentively. The voice seemed to float from some upper region, yet no one could be seen. The Goat Editor felt his own pulse, nervously counted his fingers twice over, took a mono-bromate of camphor pill, and moved toward the door.

" Are they dead?"

The stained-glass window above the portal swung partly open and the head of a man was protruded into the room.

"How long do you propose to keep me here standing on the door-knob before you answer a civil question?" demanded the owner of the

head.
"Why are you standing on the knob?" in-

quired the Editor.

"Because the door is locked and I haven't any step-ladder, and I can't get up here without standing on the knob. Are they dead or are they not?".

"They are," replied the Goat Editor, gloomily: "In the flower of their youth they departed. So young, so blithe, so joyous, too. They came in this morning caroling and trilling their little verses, written on two sides of the paper and tied up with pink ribbons. Ah, well! Two dull thuds, a shovel, a pail, some well! warm water, sapolio and a mop, and all was over."

"Who in thunder ever heard of an alligator trilling little verses?" demanded the man over

the door.
"Who said alligators trilled?" inquired the Goat Editor.

"Didn't you just tell me that alli—"
"No, my friend; no."

"What were you talking about, then?"

"Are you a coroner?"

"Very well; then you have no interest in the affair."

"Can't you tell me where those alligators are? If they are concealed about your person, I'm not coming in. If they are not, I want to know it, because I'm getting growing-pains in

my legs."

"No, sir, they are not here; and please desist from trying to force your way in through that ventilator."

The man declined to accede to this reasonable request, and finally, by dint of much struggling and the breaking of several panes of glass, crawled through the opening and into the

"Excuse this informality," he observed: "but there's a man following me, and he's thicker than I am, so he can't climb through the ventilator, and this gets me ahead of him.

Here he paused to extract laboriously some broken glass from his ear, and then without warning seized the Goat Editor and kissed him passionately on the neck. The Goat Editor struggled to free himself, which he was enabled to do only after biting his assailant severely in several different places.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded,

breathlessly.

"My dear boy—joy!—joy! It's all over. I've got it!"
"Go 'way!" vociferated the Goat Editor, hastily dodging another osculatory attempt on the part of his visitor: "Got what, you obnoxious idiot?—got what?"
"Got what? My patent," replied the man,

executing a war-dance. I want you to hear all about it.

"I will not. Get out of here!"

"Will you listen to me for a pecuniary consideration?"

"Yes, sir."

" How much?"

"Dollar an hour."

"Same as a black-and-tan cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

" Proceed."

"Well, it's a patent-"

"You said that before. What for?"
"The 'Cook-Tamer.' I'll explain it in a minute; but just now I want to tell you how I You see, I went to the Patent Office, and after I had fixed up a drawing of the thing I gave all the papers to a chap they called an examiner. He used to be a corn-doctor. Got his education that way. Well, in about four months he told me that he couldn't understand the thing, and that if he couldn't understand a contrivance there couldn't be any invention in it, and that I couldn't have any patent.

The Goat Editor breathed sympathetically and waited for his visitor to proceed.

"Well, then I appealed to a board of three examiners. They struggled with the thing for five months, and then told me they didn't understand anything about it, and didn't have time to look into it, and they guessed the other examiner was right, and if he wasn't I could apply to the Commissioner of Patents, and he'd fix the matter. Each examiner informed me privately that if he was the Commissioner, as he ought to be, there wouldn't be any such trouble."

"And that ended the affair, I suppose?" said

the Goat Editor.
"No, it didn't. "No, it didn't. Then I appealed to the Commissioner. He said he didn't understand anything about the machine, and couldn't be expected to, seeing that he had hitherto been a political worker in Oregon, and hadn't had the office but a little while. He said the examiner was probably right, and if he wasn't, he'd publish some new office-rules which would make him right, and I'd better go home and not hang around obstructing public business in that way."

"Yes. Exactly. And finally—"
"It's not finally yet. Then I appealed to

of course he couldn't be expected to put aside his important duties in fixing the Chicago Convention to understand the machine. Couldn't I say briefly whether Mr. Edison had ever invented it or not? Because, he explained, the Patent Office was an institution for finding out what things had been invented by people other than Mr. Edison, and then giving Mr. Edison patents for those things."

"That's all there is, isn't it?" demanded the

Goat Editor, earnestly.

"No, sir. Then I appealed to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in banc. The Court said that they didn't understand the maline and propriet and they have the the Supreme chine, and never intended to; but that the Secretary of the Interior had no business to meddle in the affair; that they would do justice to the poor inventor or perish. They then sat upon the Secretary of the Interior with vigor and enthusiasm, and declared his decision a nullity, leaving me with my patent rejected by the Commissioner."

"Of course; and that settled the thing," said the Goat Editor, hopefully.

"No, it didn't. Then I appealed by bill in equity to the Circuit Court of the United States. The Court said it didn't understand the invention, but that it had no objection in the world to my having a patent if I could get it; but that there was no process of the Court to force the Commissioner to give it to me, and the only way to do was to get myself made a British subject and have the matter taken up by the British Foreign Office, and the United States Government notified that continuous injury of that sort to one of Her Majesty's subjects would be regarded as a cause of war, if persisted in. Meanwhile the Commissioner of Patents, having learned sufficient law to warrant his starting in business as a patent attorney for himself, resigned, and a new political worker came in. He took a common-sense view of the situation. He said: 'This 'ere office is overloaded, b'gosh. Give 'em patents. Give everybody patents— quick—jump 'em out of the way.' I was on I put the thing in all over again. examiner had forgotten all about it. Said he'd never seen it before; looked it over, thought it was a great idea, a master-stroke of genius, and I got my patent in twenty-four hours."

"Are you through now? If so, what's a

Cook-Tamer'?"

the Secretary of the Interior. Oh, there's no end of appeals. He sent for me and said that of bed. Looks like a simple, inoffensive iron

PARTICULARLY POLITE.



VERY POLITE YOUNG LADY (to tramp).—"Do you take sugar in your tea?"
TRAMP,—"When I kin git it!"

bed, perfectly guileless in its simplicity. Very You hire a cook, and of course you can't agree whether she shall have nine nights out in a week, or only eight, and she finds it necessary to reprove you. Now, some people, when a cook reproves them, answer back and get disrespectful. This avoids all that. When the cook gets through what she has to say to you, you simply reply, 'Yes, ma'am; it shall not occur again,' or something of that sort. Then you lock yourself in your room and listen to the cook scuffling up-stairs to bed. After she slams the door and wakes up the children, and otherwise makes her evening toilet, she retires to her couch. You lie awake and listen. In exactly twenty-two minutes—and scientific observation shows that it takes just twenty-two minutes for the average cook to doze-you hear 'Kung! kung! ker-chung!"
"Well, what has that got to do with it?"

demanded the Goat Editor.

"That's the way the thing starts, When you hear that noise, you know that the three end-slats at the foot of the bed have fallen down."

"What does that do?"

"That lets down the cook's heels, so that she slides down the inclined plane of the mattress and alights on the slats, which automatically turn edge-wise to receive her. Very well. She supposes it's a mere accident, and fixes the slats back again, and again dozes. In twenty-two minutes more you hear 'Bung-kunk! ker-bunker!""
"What's that?"

"That's the three slats at the head of the bed coming down. The coo; is then shot backward and caused to stand on her head in her trunk. This time she becomes enraged, ner trunk. This time she becomes enraged, and finds difficulty in replacing the slats. Eventually, however, she gets comfortably settled once more. Twenty-two minutes again elapse; then you hear 'Bungety-kung! kerjung! kerjung! kerjung! juk!'"

"What's it, this time?"

"The whole machinery comes into play. The three middle slats fall out, and the bed closes in the middle. There is a time-lock attachment which clamps the cook bent double for the next fifteen minutes. She is then released and the bed assumes its former aspect, except that the middle slats are out. When these slats are put back, three others fall down, and when these last are in place others won't The cook works over this for the remainder of the night. In the morning she is tamed, perfectly tamed. Isn't that a grand invention?" "Are you most done now?" remarked the

Goat Editor.

"No, sir. I'm going to explain all the machinery to you in detail."

"No, sir. You shall not. Not while I have health and strength to resist—short of five dol-lars an hour."

"That is exorbitant."

" No matter."

"I'll not employ you any further. Farewell." The Goat Editor figured rapidly on his cuff, and finally handed that article of apparel to

"Thanks. Never wear them," said the latter.
"I know that. This is the bill," explained the Goat Editor.

"Oh, indeed! Quite original. You might patent it. Suppose, now, every business con-cern compelled its clerks to make bills on their cuffs. That would save lots of money and washing. You patent that, and put in the cash

washing. You patent that, and put in the cash to work the thing, and I'll go into it with you."

"Are you going to pay this bill?"

"Let me see. It is now 2:30 P. M. Too late. I meant to remind you to give me that bill before two o'clock, but I forgot it."

"What's two o'clock got to do with it?"

"I suspended payment then. I figured out

the depreciation of my securities, and discov-

ered that at exactly two o'clock my assets would be less than my liabilities, so that I should have to suspend. Sorry, old boy, but I'll try and make things pleasant for you with the assignee."

"Look here, I want that money!"

"I don't want to climb through that venti-lator again," said the man, musingly: "Where does this door lead?"

The Goat Editor's eyes glittered balefully. The inventor opened the door. There was a sudden rush, a slam, a rumbling sound, as of a dumb-waiter rapidly descending—then si-

The Goat Editor laughed horribly and went to lunch.

LET THEM BEWARE.



We Have Private Information that the Czar of Russia Plays the Trombone, and if the Nihilists Bother Him Much More, He will Probably go to Coney Island and Discount them as a Terror

The burglars, for such they were, entered the wealthy banker's library with a stealthy step. They stopped before the rich man's desk. "You are sure he brought it home, Bill?"

one asked the other.

"I am certain he did," was the reply: "two heavy bags of gold; enough to make us both rich. They were carried by the negro coachman. I followed the pair to the house and peeped in at the window, and saw the banker place both bags of gold in this desk. Hold the light down till I try my skeleton-keys. There! the desk is open—ha!"

"You may well say 'ha,'" exclaimed the other, in an angry whisper: "the gold is gone."

other, in an angry whisper: "the gold is gone."
It was true; the desk was empty.
"The gold is gone from the desk," said Bill:
"but it must be in the house. Let us search for it. Ha! what is this? A paper. Let us see what it contains. Zounds! We're fooled!"
"How do you know?"

"Read this paper."

The burglar took the paper, and as he glanced

over it he uttered an exclamation of rage.

"It is too true," he hissed, in a frenzy: "this paper is dated last night. He has paid away the money. Thwarted, by jings!"

It was indeed true; the robbers were foiled.

The paper the burglar held in his hand was a receipted plumber's bill.—Somerville Journal.

CAPT. KELLY, of Hudson, Wis., has applied for a patent on an improved device for holding hymn-books in church. This will fill a want long felt. There is nothing that tires a man more than to stand up in church and hold a hymn-book while the congregation is singing, and nine able-bodied men in ten will hold on to one side of a book and not lift at all, but leave the party holding the other side of the book to bear up under the burden. What a sigh of relief comes from a man when the last verse of a hymn is reached, and how natural it is to begin to close the book when the second line of the last verse is being sung, and how he drops into his seat with a dull thud before the notes of the organ cease! A man that will stand up and walk around a pool-table half the night, trying to corral balls in corner-pockets, will get so tired in an hour in a church that he wants rest. A man who can put up a pair of twenty-pound dumb-bells, and whose muscles stand out like whip-cord, will get so tired holding a hymn-book that he will actually turn pale. A man who can row a boat all day, trolling for black bass, and never feel the effect of his exercise, will stand up in church with a thumb and fingers on one side of a hymn-book, and a frail little woman on the other side will take hold with both hands and bear all the weight, and sing like an angel, while the wicked man is languidly touching the good book, looking straight ahead over the pulpit, and thinking of a horse-race or a base-ball match. These things are wrong; but it is well that a hymn-book rest is to be furnished, because with such a contrivance a man will have to brace up and do his share of the work. The cry to "give us a rest," which has so long been heard in the land, is at last to be answered, and when the hymnbook rests are upon the market, and the wicked man is harnessed up with one of them under his arm, he will look like a scissors-grinder, and he will be ashamed of himself .- Peck's Sun.

It is believed that Barnum, in order to obtain the only living specimen extant, will employ, at an enormous salary, Miss Becky Jones, "the woman who refused to talk," to travel with his show. A rival concern might claim to have a similar curiosity, but everybody would know that it was a whitewashed fraud.—Norristown Herald.

THE early apple catches the worm .- Rochester Post-Express.

—The student who captures ideas in a smoke wreath; the professional man who soothes his nerves with a pipe after a day's toil; the editor who draws inspiration from his meerschaum; the gentleman of leisure who "drives dull care away" amid fragrant whiffs, these, and all who indulge in the luxury of a smoke, can make their enjoyment complete by capturing the exquisite flavors, the natural aromas of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia. Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA, When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA, When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA, When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 16, 25, 26, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

equal to Brown's made that it is impossible to obtain strength equal to without the addition of pepper, Mr. Frederick Brown, owner and manufacturer, offers the following sworn statement: Ginger from Ginger or having assertion THE

for more than Fifty years by Ginger, Genuine "Brown's Brown,

Cayenne Its pungency is solely owing purest and best quality never has contained a particle of from the pepper. preparation of made Famaica Ginger, and 15 Philadelphia, (red) pepper or any Jamaica Ginger. Bleached

NO REACTION.

STIMULANT;

COLIC

AND

CRAMPS

FOR

USE.

TRAVELERS'

FOR

Sworn and subscribed before me this 18th day WILLIAM B. MANN, Prothonotary

Frederick Brown.

THE MULE.

The smile of June is blessing all the hills, The robin's note sounds from the shadowed vale,

The bluebird's ecstasy the morning fills, The brown leaves rustle in the woodland trail.

And thy clear voice, glad harbinger of Spring, Trills through the land like some bright, joyous thing.

I know thy song; ah, jocund as the day, Oft have I heard thee cry aloud for feed; And wakened by thy trumpet-sounding bray, How I have cursed thee and thy patient breed!

How I have smiled to see thy restless hoof Lift a man through the vaulted stable-roof!

Yet thou art kind; I never knew thee, mule, Kick man or Injun whom thou couldst not reach,

And thou hast learned, in harsh Experience's school,

To practise always better than you preach. E'en while, with drooping lids, you doze and sleep,

Still do your heels their sleepless vigils keep.

How is it, with a leg not five feet long,
Thou kick'st across a seven-acre lot?
Thou art a giant on the go, but twice as strong
Thou art, to hold thyself in one small spot. From dewy morn till eve, from eve till dewy morn,

I 've seen thee balk, and sleep, and smile in scorn.

Oh, gentle mule - whoa, there! whoa, mule! hold hard!

I sing no more if thou dost turn around; There is no beauty in thy after-guard;

I will stand where thine eyes' soft light is found,

Here at thy gentle face-whoa! soft, don't act the fool—
I wiil—whoa-ho! Ho! Help! Police! Dog

gone a mule! -Robert J. Burdette, in Utica Observer.

A MACHINE that will darn stockings has been invented. This will give mothers more time to devote to crazy-quilts, repouse work and other useful household duties; but the rural grand-mother who sits behind the stove and dozes and darns, and darns and dozes—especially dozes—will not welcome the innovation.—Norristown Herald.

JOHN ARMSTEAD, of Adrian, Mich., has a calf that was born without any hair on its body. A hairless calf is a very nice thing to show to callers; but when Winter comes, and Mr. Armstead finds that he will have to put weatherstrips and an ulster on that bovine to keep it from freezing to death, he will wish that it had been born with enough hair to keep it warm. -Peck's Sun.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A WONDERFUL SET OF CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS."

HITCHCOCK'S famous
25 CEN'T SONG COLLECTIONS,
with music for plano, organ or melodeon. Twelve books now ready, each
128 large pages. Sold over counter at 25 cents each; by mail 33 cents.

B. W. HITCHCOCK, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all drinks and cures dyspepsia, diarrhea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or your druggist for the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

ONLY FOR MOTH PATCHES, FREC-KLES AND TAN.

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE It is reliable

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms.

Ask your Druggist for PERRY'S COME DONE and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray Street, New York.

Received First Prize Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.
Received First Prize at Exhibition, Montreal, Canada, 1881 and 1882.
The great success and popularity of the SOHMER Piano among the musical public is the best proof of its excellence.
SOHMER & CO.,
Nos. 149 to 155 East 14th Street, New York.



DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ECTRIC BEL

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Probably never, since the invention of Belts and Supporters, has ac large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Beits. Over seven thousand people in the city of New York some are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all the control of the con



ELECTRICIBELT

vill send either Lady's or Gent's Belt on trial, post-paid, on of \$2.20, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size of waist returning Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our reurrancy in registered letter. Address, GEO. A. SCOTT, arways, N. Y. MENTICS THIS PAPER. 2007 A ELECTRIC CHRISTS. \$1.00. 1.00. 2.0 and \$2.0. COTT'S ELECTRIC FLESS BRUSHES, \$3.00. 1.00, 2.00, 2.00 & 2.50 COTT'S ELECTRIC FLESS BRUSHES, \$3.00.



IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

Unrivaled in Strength and Speed. Great Improvements for 1884. AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE Co., CORRY, PA.



Offer Special Inducements for Cash Purchasers of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

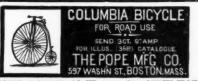
Silverware, Clocks, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, etc., etc. Established 1838. Price-list Free.

Repairing a Specialty.

F. CUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St , Chicago.

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

GIANT PRINTING PRESS, \$1: outfit \$1; outfit \$4. Sample cards and catalogue 6 cts. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Philada., Pa.



BRANCH HOUSE, 12 Warren St., NEW YORK.

CRANDALL & CO., 569 THIRD AVENUE. Oldest Baby Carriage Factory in the world. Latest styles in Cane, Rattan, Reed and Wood. CARRIAGES and SPRINGS.

indorsed hy J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., Dr. Shrady and others, as perfect in construction, safe and healthful. Boys' and Girls' Velocimagons, Doll Carriages, Bicycles &c. Wholesale and Retaines free. Open evenings. Sole Agent for Tally-ho Sulky.

569 Third Avenue, near 37th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.





Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES.' Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICUMA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICUMA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scaip, heals Uncers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICUMA SORP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICUMA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Skin.
CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible
Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
Sold everywhere. Price, Luticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents;
Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, Mass.

Brown's French Dressing.

THE ORIGINAL! BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE AND



THE NEW ALLEGRETTI REFRIGERATOR. THE BEST FOR FAMILY USE.

Also for Hotels, Restaurants, Ice cream and Fruit Dealers. Refrigerators for exhibition purposes. Plans and estimates fapecial styles and sizes. Call and examine, or send for illustrate

THE ALLEGRETTI REFRIGERATOR CO.,

Salesroom at Wheeler & Wilson's, 44 EAST 14TH STREET, UNION SQUARE.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

SUMMER SILKS.

A large assortment of choice styles in Paris Printed Foulards; Real India Pongees and Corahs, in Plain and Fancy Printed Effects, Louisines, Striped and Checked Summer Silks. Canton and Japanese Crepes, &c.

Broadway & 19th st. NEW YORK.



IT PAYS AGENTS to sell our RUBBER Stamps.

CO., CLEVELAND, O.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

CITY LYRICS.

I hear thy jocund note, thy native song; It broods beneath my casement in the night, And, cooing, wakes me in the early light, While I would still sleep on and on and on, And wonder if thou never wilt be gone.

I hear thy warble down the echoing street, Where other songs away thy song to greet

And in its chorus blend; Down the long trail's ash-barrel cumbered waste Thy plaintive chant I hear: thou hast, thou sayst,

"Wash-tubs to mend!"

O child of song, my heart goes out to thee! Although I would not, I must hear thee sing, Alike in Winter sere and budding Spring; Far from thy madding wail though I shouldst flee

Yet, biding my return, thou still wouldst be Singing the same old tune, the same old words.

Like the repeating minstrelsy of birds. Pray thee, suspend 'em!

In vain regrets thy voice no longer spend; If it be true you have wash-tubs to mend,

Why don't you mend 'em?

—Robert J. Burdette, in Hawkeye.

"Do you want a snake item?" asked a man from Elk Neck at the sanctum-door of an Elkton newspaper.
"Yes," said the editor: "come right in and

tell us all about it."

"Well, I killed it to-day down on the Northeast road. It was nineteen feet from head to tail. I took out my rule and measured it."

"How many drinks of pear-cider have you taken to-day?" asked the editor.
"Only two," said the man from Elk Neck:

"What has that to do with the snake item?"
"Oh, a great deal," answered the editor: "We always deduct nine feet from the snake for each drink of Cecil County pear-cider taken

by the man who brings in the snake item."

And the editor held the sanctum-door wide open for the man from Elk Neck to pass out. Middletown Transcript.

A very small Speck was climbing up the milky way, one moonlight night.

"Ah, my little fellow, where are you from?"

"Me? I'm from a grocery-store down on earth."

"How do you come to be away up here?"

"Oh, I've been getting higher and higher year after year; and smaller and smaller, too."
"That's funny. Who are you?"

"I'm the bottom of a strawberry-box." Chicago News.

"Where do you live, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a diminutive specimen on one

of our railroad trains a few days ago.
"I have the pleasure of residing—"
"Never mind," observed the old gentleman, interrupting him, and leaning back, he thought

"How easy it is to tell a Bostonian!"-Norwich Bulletin.

De bes' pusson is made o' de smile an' de tear. Sunshine an' rain is whut makes de cotton. - Arkansas Traveler.

SOHMER'S "BIJOU" GRAND.

SOHMER'S "BIJOU" GRAND.

The latest success is a small Grand—5 feet r inch long—which has produced a genuine furore among those best able to pronounce judgement. The instrument is novel in design, entirely original in scale, and meets the approval of those seeking to economize in room, and at the same time own a grand piano. The most remarkable fact is, that this instrument has the power of the usual grand piano; the action is the same as that of a concert grand, pliable and velvety, and is in every respect just what is desired by experiencel and able players.

The touch has that elastic and pleasing quality so anxiously sought by artists and diletanti. Taken all in all—size, design, scale, tone and touch—this piano is undoubtedly a great step in advance in the construction of pianos in recent times, and will after examination by musicians, create as it has, among those who have heard it, a veritable furore.

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.





Cloth of Gold.

An excellent CIGARETTE after dinner.

13 First Prize Medals.

W. S. Kimball & Co.

Luxurious Oriental Sleeping and Lounging Garments.

\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00 and upwards. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



1151 Broadway, bet. 26th and 27th Sts. 355 Sixth Avenue, cor. 22nd St. NEW YORK.



Prepare to Pucker, Pant and Perspire, o Purchase

DIETZ"

No. 4 TUBULAR OIL STOVE.

16 INCHES OF FLAME, 2 CENTS AN HOUR Absolutely free from SMOKE or SMELL!

FOUR HOLE TOP. NICKEL FRONT STOVES IN OPERATION AT

DIETZ', 76 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.



AWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.

refect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort.

ed. Support, Relief, Comtort.

Displacement Impossible. natically Adjustable. The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its pred Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.

Druggists. (Every Bandage) S. E. G RAWSON, Patentee, mail safely. (Guaranteed.) Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

50 Golden Beauties, &c. Cards with name, to cents. Present with each pack. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Ct

eden musee



The Presidential Campaign has opened, and THE Sun is indispensable to all who would intelligently follow the course of the Canvass. The Daily Sun reaches, by fast mail or express all points within 400 miles of New York during business hours on the day of publication. Your newsdealer will supply it promptly on order, or we will send it by mail at 50 cents a month. Address

I. W ENGLAND, Publisher "THE SUN," New York City

SPECIAL TRAINS

SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

WEST SHORE ROUTE. WILL THIS SUMMER

EQUAL IN SPEED AND SURPASS IN COMFORT ALL OTHER ROUTES OF TRAVEL A NEW SUMMER SCHEDULE

WILL TAKE EFFECT JUNE 23, 1884. PULLMAN BUFFET PARLOR CARS
WILL RUN THROUGH TO
Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake Ceorge
and Niagara-Falls,
EXCLUSIVELY BY THE WEST SHORE ROUTE.

FINE CUSTOM TAILORING.

LIGHT DURABLE FABRICS FOR SUMMER WEAR. NEWEST SHADES AND MATERIALS.

MODERATE PRICES. Samples and Self-Measurement Chart Mailed on Application. BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

620 BROADWAY 620 139-151 BOWERY, N. Y.



RUPTURE!

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Bell-Truss, combined Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric and Magnetic Current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective in curing Rupture.

oo cured in 1883 Send for pamphlet
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO., 191 Wabash Ave., Chicago

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

TO PUCK.

We are now prepared to supply subscribers and the trade in general with our handsome cases, in dark brown cloth and gilt, for binding Puck in regular book-form. This method enables subscribers to have their volumes bound in a uniform and econo mical manner, which are items worthy of consideration These covers are finished, with regard to taste and durability, in a neat substantial style. Any bookbinder will bind your volume of Pucκ in one of our covers at a nominal price, thus forming a highly interesting humorous and satirical chronicle of the times and an important acquisition to any library The cases hold one volume (26 numbers), which we think the most serviceable size, convenient to handle than a book conta bers. Price 75 cents. By mail to any part of the U S., \$1 00

> KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, PUBLISHERS PUCK.

21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N.Y.

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

THE BASHFUL MARGUERITE.

Sweet Marguerite looked shyly from the grass Of country fields, and softly whispered
"Here
I make my home content; for I—alas!—
Am not the rose the city holds so dear."

Just then the Queen, driving by chance that way,

Called to a page: "Bring me that Marguerite;

I am so tired of roses!"-From that day The daisy had the whole world at her feet.

MAMA'S MORAL

Restless ambition, eager, grasping greed Do not gain all things in this world of ours; Shy merit, modest, unassuming worth Oft make the way for men, as well as flowers,

TOMMY'S APPLICATION

I must say things seem rather "mixed" to me;
Please will you tell me, then, dear mother, why
You send me off to that big dancing-school
For fear that I should grow up also? For fear that I should grow up shy?

-Alice Wellington Rollins, in St. Nicholas.

An Egyptian mummy, presented to President White, of Cornell University, by Mr. Pomeroy, in Egypt, was "unveiled" on Tuesday. Some joker started a report that Samuel J. Tilden was holding a reception at the University, and many Democrats paid their respects to the barrel fraction of the "old ticket." All agreed that he appeared to be enjoying unusually good health, and thought the newspaper that circulated reports of his enfeebled condition ought to be arrested for slander. One good Democrat, after gazing upon the placid countenance of the old remnant a few minutes, impulsively exclaimed:

"Begorrah! D'ye moind the robustness av Shure an' there's lashins av loif in him 'im? yet, an' a foine President he'd make."-Norristown Herald.

My son, when you are fearlessly parading with your girl these cool evenings, and see a man standing in his shop-door draped in a linen duster and assiduously working a palm-leaf fan, look out for an ice-cream sign just back of him, and at once cross to the other side of the street-you will find the walking much pleasanter, and devoid of immediate danger .--Lowell Citizen.

A RABID cat at Omaha, Neb., attacked its owner, Mrs. Larenburg, and bit and scratched her badly upon her arms and hands. The animal began its attack without warning while the woman was about her work with her sleeves rolled up. The rest of the tamily, who were loafing outside the house, were not hurt. The moral is obvious. - Boston Post.

A TORTOISE bearing the inscription "G. W., 1774" was found in a grove near here yester-day. There is nothing bogus about it, either. We know the young man who cut the initials and date on the tortoise only two days before it was found .- Norristown Herald.

BACON is generally cured by smoking; but there are some hogs who are never cured by riding in a smoking-car. - Boston Star.

A Big Thing on Ice-The Bill for the Same. -Oil City Derrick.

A CHECKMATE—The Rich Husband.—Boston

HEALTH-TALK-Here's to You!-Boston Post.

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Sond for de-scriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.



UNFERMENTED SPARKLING GRAPE JUICE. WERNER & CO.

MPROVED ROOT BEER.



W. WUPPERMANN, SOLK AGENT. 81 BROADWAY. No Y.

To Lovers of English Pale Ale



"BURKE'S"

Light Sparkling Pale Ale

As the Finest English Ale Bottled. REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND CONSTITUTING AN APPETIZING TONIC, WHILE SLIGHTLY STIMULATING. EASY OF DIGESTION.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

EDWARD & JOHN BURKE,

NEW YORK, DUBLIN. LIVERPOOL,

BURKE'S RED-HEAD BRAND OF STOUT.

OKER'S BITTERS

STOMACH BITTERS, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our.

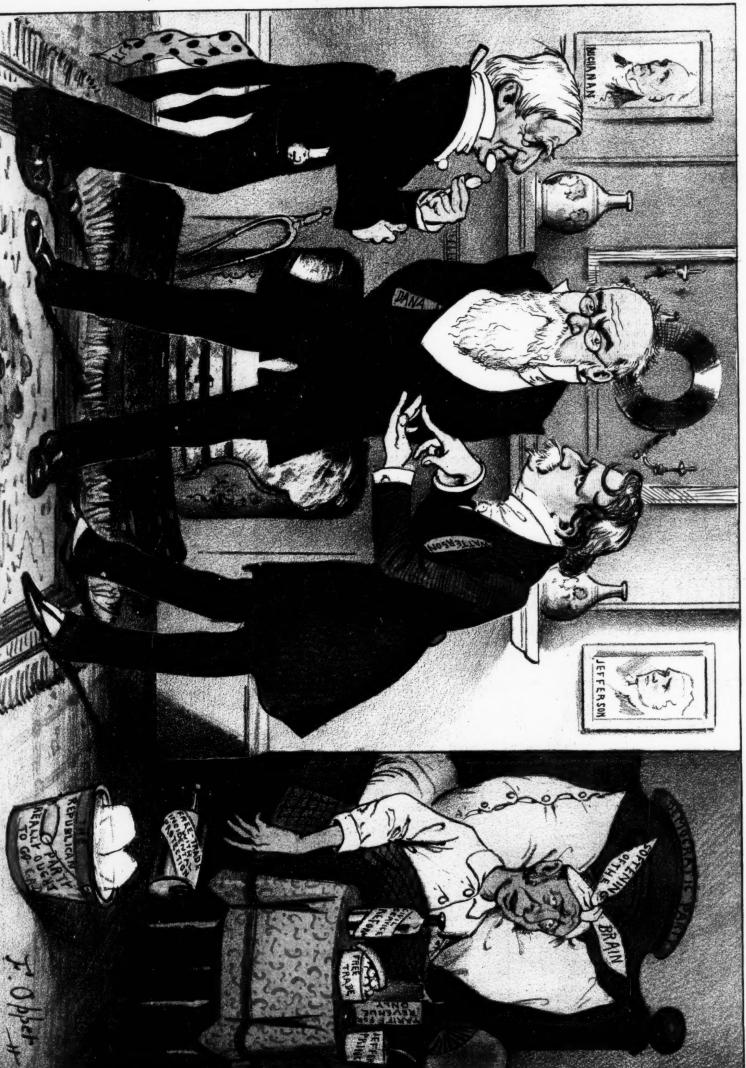
HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in

AGENTS WANTED.

NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 16, 25, 26, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.



A CONSULTATION OVER A VERY SICK PARTY.

?

THE DOCTORS AGREE THAT HE HAS NEVER HAD MORE THAN ONE CHANCE FOR LIFE—A BAD REPUBLICAN NOMINATION!